Petr. Sir heres the doore, this is *Lucentios* house,
My Fathers beares more toward the Market-place,
Thither must I and heere I leaue you sir.

Vin. You shall not choose but drinke before you go,
I thinke I shall command your welcome here;
And by all likelihood some cheere is toward. *Knock.*

Grem. They're busie within, you were best knocke lowder.

Pedant lookes out of the window.

Ped. What's he that knockes as he would beate downe the gate?

Vin. Is Signior *Lucentio* within sir?

Ped. He's within sir, but not to be spoken withall.

Vinc. What if a man bring him a hundred pound or two to make merrie withall.

Ped. Keepe your hundred pounds to your selfe, he shall neede none so long as I liue.

Petr. Nay, I told you your sonne was beloued in *Padua*: doe you heare sir, to leaue friuolous circumstances, I pray you tell Signior *Lucentio* that his Father is come from *Pisa*, and is heere at the doore to speake with him.

Ped. Thou liest his Father is come from *Padua*, and here looking out of the window.

Vin. Art thou his Father?

Ped. I sir, so his mother sayes if I may beleeue her.

Petr. Why how now Gentleman: why this is flat knauerie to take vpon you an other mans name.

Pedu. Lay hands on the villaine, I beleeue a meanes to cozen some bodie in this Citie vnder my countenance.

Enter Biondello.

Bion. I haue seene them in the Church together, God send them good shipping: but who is heere? mine old Master *Vincentio*: now we are vndone and brought to nothing.

Vin. Come hither crackhempe.

Bion. I hope I may choose Sir.

Vin. Come hither you rogue, what haue you forgot mee?

Biond. Forgot you, no sir: I could not forget you, for I neuer saw you before in all my life.

Vinc. What, you notorius villaine, didst thou neuer see thy Mistris father, *Vincentio*;

Bion.

Bion. What my worshipfull
where he lookes out of the wind
Vin. If so indeede. *He bea*
Bion. Helpe, helpe, helpe, h
Pedan. Help, sonne, helpe S
Pet. Prethee, *Kate* let's stan
controuersie.

Enter Pedant with seruants,

Tra. Sir what are you that o
Vinc. What am I sir: nay wha
oh fine villaine, a silken doub
and a capataine hat: oh I am vn
the good husband at home, my
at the vniuersitie.
Tra. How now what's the ma
Bapt. What is the man lunatic
Tra. Sir, you seeme a sober an
but your words shew you amad m
if I weare Pearle and gold: I tha
to maintaine it.
Vin. Thy father: oh villaine, h
Bap. You Mistake sir, you mist
is his name?
Vin. His name, as if I knew
him vp euer since he was three yee
Ped. Awaie, away mad asse, h
mine onelie sonne and heire to the
Vin. *Lucentio*, oh he hath m
him I charge you in the Dukes na
tell me thou villaine, where is my
Tra. Call forth an officer: Carr
Father *Baptista*, I charge you see
Vinc. Carrie mee to the Iaile?
Gre. Staie officer, he shall not g
Bap. Talke not signior *Gremio*
Gre. Take heede signior *Bapt*
this businesse: I dare swearе this is
Ped. Swearе if thou dar'st,

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